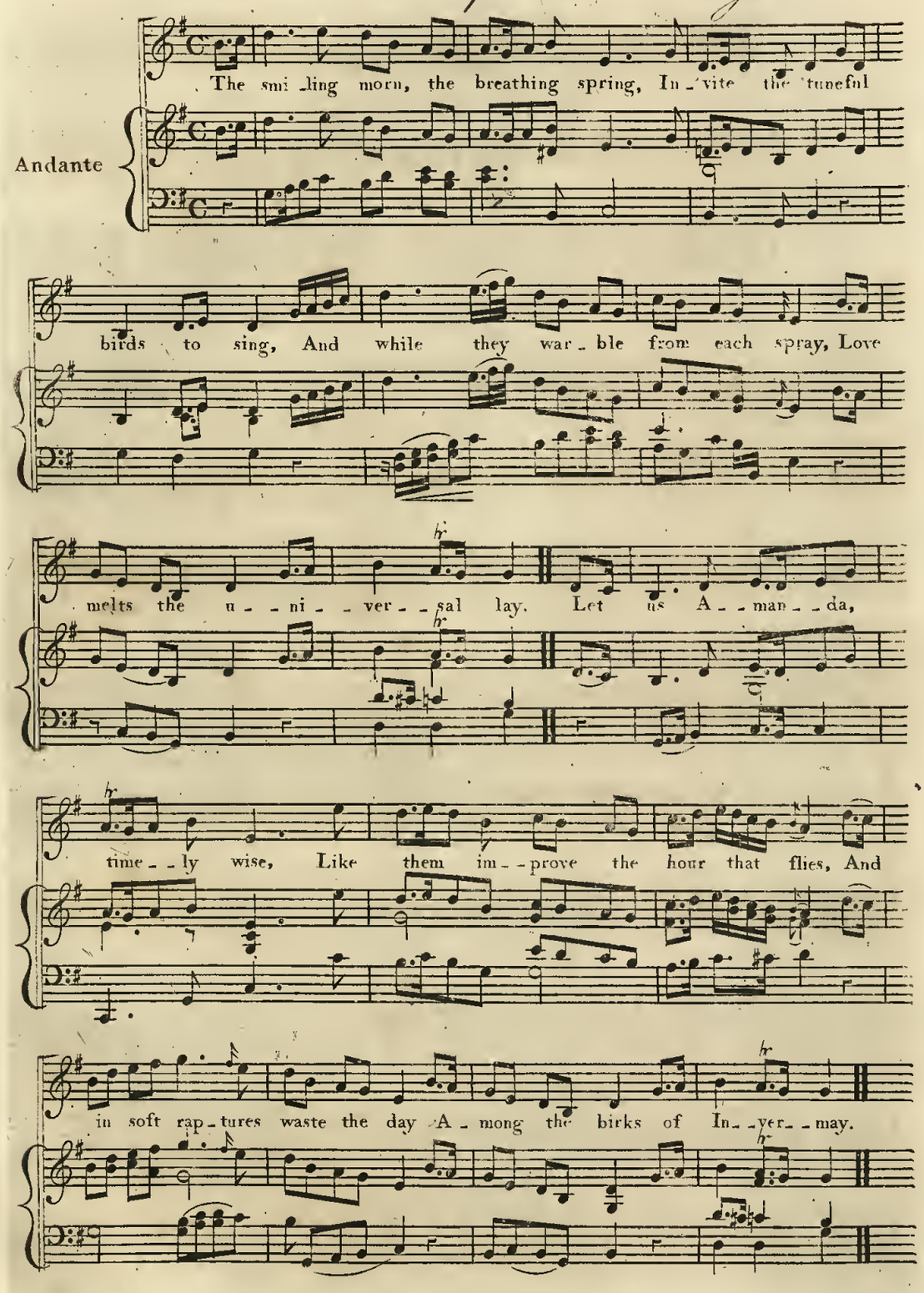
From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW

The Birks of Invermay.



From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, AMANDA, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of INVERMAY.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of INVERMAY.

From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW